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Prayer meetings on the other Sunday seening.
Monday evening, young people's prayer meeting.
Friday evening, prayer meeting, 7:45.

Friday evening, prayer meeting, 7:48.

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cysting at 7 o'clock. Seats free. Sabbath school follows morning service. Seats free. Sabbath school follows morning service. Seats free. Sabbath school service. Striscopat.—Main 81; Rev. W. H. Collins, Bector. Sunday services; Morning prayer and sermon 100 as. m.; Evening prayer and sermon 100 pm.; Sunday services; Sunday in the month, and on sil great festivals. The schildren of the parish are catechised on the lat Sunday in every month at a p. m. MRTHODIST EFISCOPAL.—Meetings in lower town hall; Rev. N. P. Ferry. Fastor. Frenching Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; prayer meeting in the evening. S. S. Concert 4th Sunday of every month. Class meeting Tuesday evening; prayer meeting Friday evening. Seats free. ROMAE CATROLIC.—Walnut St.; Rev. Henry Lane, Pastor. Sunday services—High mass 10:30 a. m.; Vespers and Bemedetion 7:30 p. m.
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IS IT CURABLE?

THOSE who have suffered from the various and complicated forms of disease assumed by Catarrh, and have tried many physicians and remedies without relief or ears, await the answer to this question with considerable anxiety. And well they may; for no disease that can be mentioned is so universally prevalent and so destructive to health as Catarrh. Brouchtits, Asthma, Coughs, and serious and frequently fatal affections of the large follow, in many cases, a case of simple but neglected Catarrh. Other sympathetic affections, such as deafness, impaired eyesight and leas of same of simell, may be referred to as minor but nevertheless serious results of neglected Catarrh, but chough in themselves, but as nothing compared with the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs likely to follow.

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Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.

Miscellany.

To the First Robin. Welcome again, from the land of the summer, Bird in the maple with jubilant song! Nodding and singing thy rapturous greeting,— Where hast thou stayed from our garden so long? Often the little ones looked from the window, When the soft snowdakes fell fleery and dumb, laying, "See, mother! the white bees are awarm; When will they go, and the red robins come?"

Rocked on the bough of the silver-leafed maple, Hast thou one sigh for the orange and palm? Could the magnolia's sweet-scented blossoms Waft o'er thy sleep a more exquisite balm? Bird of the North! thou hast winged thy way hom

Led by a love that was constant and strong; On the same bough that in other days rocked thee Build a new nest, but oh! sing the old song.

Herald art then of the pageant approaching,-The floral procession of Summer, our queen; Let the winds listen, and haston the sunbeams To spread for her chariot a carpet of green. Bid the trees hang out their banners of welcome Red and white banners of beautiful bloom! Sing, happy bird! till thy comrades, advancing. Shall rout the last spectre of winter and gloom (Frances L. Mace in Cottage Hearth,

Still sits the school house by the road, A ragged baggar sunning: Around it still the sumachs grow, And blackberry vines are running

Deep scarred by raps official; The warping floor, the battered scale, The jackknife's carved initial,

The charcoal frescoes on its walls, It's door's norn sill, betraying The feet that, creeping slow to school, Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter's sun Showe over it at setting; Lit up the western window panes, And low eaves' by fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grieving Of one who still her steps delayed When all the school were leaving For near her stood the little box

Her childish favor singled, His cap pulled down upon a face Where pride and shame were mingled Pushing with restless feet the snow To right and left, he lingered,

As restlessly her tiny hands The blue sheeked apron fingered. He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hand's light careator,

And heard the trembing of her voice, As if a fault confessing. "I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—

"Because, you see, I love you!" Still memory to a gray-baired man That sweet child-face is showing Dear girl! the grasses on her grave

Have forty years been growing! He lives to learn, in life's hard school, How few who pass above him Lament their triumph and his loss, 1.1ke her—because they love him.

(John G. Whittier. THE TWO JONESES.

A Story of St. David's Day.

It was the 1st of March, in the year of grace 18- In a merchant's office, not far from Cheapside, a little man sat at a high deak, trying hard, apparently, to keep one eye on the rows of figures before him and the other on the office clock. Failing in this, his glances traveled from one to the other with pendulum-like regularity. At last the clock struck the wished for hour of aix ; and the little man shut the big ledger with a bang, and after locking it up carefully in the office safe, dashed into a dark 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'iman,"

into the office safe, dashed into a dark 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'iman,"

into the office safe, dashed into a dark 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'iman," cupboard, and began a hasty but careful toilet, involving a great aplashing of water, and much violent exercise with a stumpy nail-brush. Evan Jones was nominally managing clerk, and really general factotum, to the firm of Berwick & Brown, hard-wood merchants. He was fifty years of age, short, fat, and good-natured, though a little peppery at times. He had a numer one family, whom he found it anything but easy to feed and bring up on his modest salary of fifty shillings a week. With strict economy, however, be managed just to make both ends meet. Not for him were the breezy sands of Ramsgate, or the chestnut avenues of Hampton Court. Not for him were the mild Havana or the fragrant cigarette. He had no vices and desired no uxuries. One indulgence alone, in the arse of the year, did be permit himself. He was a Welshman to the backbone, and herein lay his one extravagance. Come what might, and however depressed the condition of the domestic money market, he was always present at the dinner of the "United Welshmen" on St. David's Day. The necessary guines was to Jones as much as a hundred to many of the other guests who assembled at the banquet in question -a sum to be saved and acraped together

by infinite sacrifice and self-denial. But "Though back and sides go bare, Though han ds and feet go cold,"

as the old song says, scraped together it must be, by book or crook. For nearly a week prior to the present occasion Evan's dinner had consisted of a saveloy and a penny roll; and on the day of our story he had taken no food whatever since his frugal breakfast, intending to compensate himself handsomely for his abstinence at the expense of the "United Welshmen." He had, in truth, gone so long without food as to feel a little exhausted; but he consoled himself with the thought of the splendid appetite he should carry to the festive board; and baving at last completed his toilet, he shut up the office and started for the hostelry where the dinner was to be held, feeling at least six feet high, and bumming Ar hyd a nos with patriotic en-

At almost the same moment when Evan Jones started on his journey, a tall, handsome man, in faultless evening attire, stepped out of a West End mansion, outside of which a brougham was waiting. A grace-ful little lady, with a bright girlish face, accompanied him to the hall door.

"You won't be very late, Owen, will you?" she said, coaxingly. "Not very early, I am afraid, pet. We 'Welshmen' are rare fellows for keeping it up; and if I came away before all the national toasts had been duly honored I should never hear the last of it."

"Very well, dear; then I suppose I mustn't expect you till I see you. I hope you will have a pleasant evening. Don't take too much wine," she continued laugh-

"Can't answer for myself on such an occasion," her husband responded. "The --- Tavern," he said to the coachman; and kissing his hand to his wife, in a few noments was whirled out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

The "United Welshmen" had finished their dinner, and had made considerable

progress with their dessert. Each man wore attacked to his button-hole a wonderful composition of green and white satin and silver filagree, which was supposed (by dint of making believe very much indeed) to represent the "leek," sacred to the occasion. A perfect burricane of a's and w's and p's and I's and w's flew about the room, only ceasing for a few moments when the chairman rose to propose a toast, or the bards at the far end of the banquet hall tuned their harps for some Cambrian melody. Evan Jones was seated at the festive board, but, alas, no longer the spiek-and-span Evan Jones who had but a couple of hours earlier left the office of Messrs. Berwick & Brown. His carefully brushed hair was now rough and disheveled, his face red, his shirt-front limp and crumpled, his atterance thick, and his general appearance that of a gentleman who has dined "not wisely, but too well." Poor Evan had been by no means immoderate in his potations, but he had so weakened himself by long fasting that the little he had taken had an exaggerated effect upon him, and he was rapidly becoming argumentative, not to say pugnacious. It was an article of faith with him, even in his sober moments, that he was in some mysterious way con-nected with the last of the Welsh Kings, and in his present elevated condition this ides took possession of his mind with re-doubled emphasis. He had more than nce commenced a sentence beginning, 'As a 'scendant of Llewellyn." but without getting any further. At the second failure his left hand neighbor, to whom the observation was addressed, replied profanely, "O blow Liewellyn!" Evan Jones ooked at him for a moment with an ex-

pears to me-as a 'scendant-of Llewellyn and then stopped again. "Cwm nog Iwyn bora dwmnath ewlyd Himuch bab," replied his right hand

pression of immeasurable scorn and dis-

gust, and then turned to his right hand

neighbor: "'S a deshendant of Llewellyn,

"Dwyllog lwmmo gwlloch y dina nos," remarked another of the party. "Cwlla gwyn dwylleth dym da y cwi bala liewelly caerioc," responded Jones, whose tongue was loose enough in his native Welsh, and who would probably have continued in the same strain for some time had not the chairman requested attention for the "March of the Men of Harlech," which was about to be given by the choir, Jones sat still during the chorus, with head and hand keeping tipsy time to the measure; but his soul waxed hot within him under the influence of the inspiring strains, and no sooner had they ceased than he wildly got upon his legs, and said in a loud

"Mis'r Chairman, I shay! 'S a humble represen'tive-I mean accestor-I mean cendant- of Liewellyn, I don't think this 'spicious occasion-I sliny I don't think

this 'spicious 'casion-Here were loud cries of "Order!" Chair!" "Sit down!" and Jones was pulled violently down by the coat-tails by one of his neighbors. The gentlemanly looking man to whom we have alluded in the table. The scene was so ludicrous that be could not repress a smile, which was observed by Evan, whose choleric temper fired up instantly at the supposed affront, "What th' devil you grinning at, look

you?" "Did I smile? I really beg your pardon; but I am quite sure I was not 'grinning,'

as you call it." "You did, Sir; you grinned like-like Cheshire cat, Sir. I appeal to th' gen'imen present. You've 'sulted me, Sir-'sulted me grossly. Name's Jones; very good

mand 'sfaction of a gen'iman,' "My name is Jones, too, though I haven't the honor of being a descendant of Llewellyn. There is my eard, Sir; and if when o apologize for your unseemly behavior, I shall be happy to see you."

Evan's right-hand neighbor thrust the eard, which bore this inscription, MR. OWEN JONES.

into Evan's waislcost pocket, and the own er, by no means desirous of being involved an after-dinner brawl, moved away to another part of the table. By dint of a little humoring those around managed to soothe the fiery Evan into comparative tranquility, and after a few more desultory observations, wherein his descent from

Llewellyn still played a prominent part, be

leaned back in his chair, and was speedily fast asleep. The toasts came to an end at last, the bards picked up their harps and the last of the guests departed, leaving Evan Jones still asleep in his chair. A council of waiters was held over the slumbering hero, and endeavors were made to rouse him. They shook him, they punched him-but all in vain. He couldn't, or wouldn't wake up. They succeeded in getting out of him that his name was Jones, but to a further inquiry as to where he lived he only marmured 'scendant of Llewellyn," and relapsed

again into still deeper slumbers. "You'll have to give him a shake-down

among the empty bottles, William," said "Not if I know it," replied the head waiter. "He might wake up in the night and walk off with the spoons. No, we must find out where he lives, somehow. Some of you just look in his pockets will you? Perhaps the gent has a card-case about him."

No sooner said than done. "Here's a card," said one, diving into Evan's waistcoat pocket, "Mr. Owen Jones,

9 Winslow-square." "That's him right enough; he said his name was Jones. He don't look much like Winslow-square sort, does he? But there is no accounting for these Welsh gents. Just as well he had his pasteboard about him, though, wasn't it? or he wouldn't have got home to-night."

It was a little after eleven o'clock when four-wheeled cab drove up to the door of No. 99 Winslow-square. "This is Mr. Jones's, ain't it?" said the cabman to the amart parlor-maid who answered his knock at the door.

"Yes, this is Mr. Jones's," answered the "That's the name right enough. Here' the card they gave me: 'Mr. Owen Jones, No. 99.' Well, look here, Miss, I've brought your master from the Welsh dinner He've been enjoying of his wine a goodish

nohow." "You don't mean to say he's taken too much ?" "Well, Miss, that depends. I don't think

myself, in a general way, a gen'leman can take too much; the more the merrier, I says. But he's pretty far gone, anyhow." The maid rushed into her mistress, who was sitting in the dining-room.

"O ma'am, here's master come back in a cab from the Welsh dinner, and the cabman says he's fast asleep and quite tosti-"Nonsense, Mary P' said her mistress

angrily, and advancing into the hall; "there must be some mistake." "No mistake, me'm," said the cabman, ouching his bat respectfully ; "I've brought

the gent from the Welsh dinner, and here's "Good heavens I' said Mrs. Jones, recognizing her husband's card. "It's too true. O dear, how shall I survive this shocking disgrace! Mary, go down stairs; I know I can rely upon you not to say a word of this dreadful misfortune to the other ser-

Mary retired accordingly, and Mrs. Jones

"Cabman, I must ask you to assist Mr. lones up to his bedroom; it is the front room on the first floor; you will find the gas ready lighted. I can give you no help; for I think it would kill me to see him in such a condition." "Lor, don't take on so, ma'am," said the

cabman good-naturedly; "it ain't nothing when you're used to it. Why, some o'

them nobs does it every night. My old horse'll stand steady as a church, and I'll bave the genelman up stairs in a jiffy." Poor Mrs. Jones returned into the diaing-room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes; after a moment's pause she was made aware, by a sort of scuffling in the passage, accompanied by exclamations of "We-ho," "Hold up," and other ejaculations of a horsey nature, that the cabman was assisting Mr. Jones up stairs. After an interval of about ten minutes, which seemed an age,

said in a confidential manner: "I've got the gent into bed quite comfortable, mum. He was a little okard to undress, but I done him at last, proper; and he's sleeping like a babby,"

be respiesred at the dining-room door, and

Mrs. Jones dismissed the man with a fee beyond his wildest expectations, and resumed her seat, feeling as if her peace of mind was forever lost. She felt that she could never have the same respect for her husband again. He, who had always been a model of all that was dignified and gentlemanty, a very pattern husband, to come home be plessly drunk from a tavern din ner! It was incredible; and yet the fact was beyond question. Surely there must be some mystery about the matter. Could be be ill? But no; be had never been in better health than when he left her a few hours previously, and to send for a doctor would only be to publish his disgrace, Could his wine have been drugged? But surely at a public dinner, at a first-rate place of entertainment, this was equally out of the question. There seemed to be no alternative but to suppose that, carried away by the excitement of the occasion, Mr. Jones had fallen into one of those sudden frailties to which poor buman nature, even that of the noblest, is subject. At first the weeping wife had felt as if the offerce was beyond pardon; but gradually a softer feeting came over her, and she felt that, though the wrong could never be forgotten, it might in time be possible to forgive it. And then she mentally rehearsed the painful scene which would take place between herself and her erring husband on his return to consciousness and self-respect; and she had just arranged a few litsperches, to be spoken more in sorrow than in anger, when suddenly a latch key was heard in the door, and in waiked Mr. Jones himself, caim and unroffled, without a bair out of place, or a crease on his snowy shirt-front. Mrs. Jones gazed at

him a moment, scarcely believing her own eyes.
"Owen!-and sober!" she exclaimed; luto a fit of decided hysteries.

"My darling wife, what on earth is the matter?"
"Ob, Owen, I sm so thankful?" said the little wife as soon as her sobs would let her speak. "I am so thankful! But then, who is the man in our bed !" "The man in our bed?" said Mr. Jones.

Whatever do you mean ?" "O Owen, dear, you can't tell what I have gone through. A cab came half an hour ago, and brought you home from the dinner; at least the cabman said it was you, very tipsy and fast asleep, and he had your card; and so I told him to put you-I mean to say bim-in our room, and there

he is now."
"The devil he is!" said Mr. Jones. "I must have a look at this double of mine;" and seizing a candle, he strode up stairs. Presently he again entered the room,

"I think I see how the mistake happened," said be. "This fellow up stairs was at the dinner to-night, and had had more than was good for him at an early period of the evening. He was rather rude to me; but it was no use to be angry with a man in such a condition; so I merely handed him my card, and told him when he returned to his senses be might come and apologize. though I can't say I bad much expectation that he would. What became of him afterward I can't say. I smoked a cigar with our friend Griffiths, and then walked leisurely home. Meanwhile, I suppose, this fellow was too drunk to answer for himself; and finding my card about him they assumed it was his own, and sent him here secordingly. The only thing that puzzles

me is that you didn't find out the mistake." "Well, dear, to tell you the truth, I was o shocked and horrified that you should be, as I supposed, in such a condition that I would not even see you, or let Mary do so either; so I sent her down stairs, and told the cabman to take the wretched man up to our room. But whatever shall we do now? The idea of a filthy, drunken wretch in our bed! Its too borrible,"

'We mustn't be too hard upon him, dear. I could see at a glance that he was one of our poorer brethren; I daresay a hardworking, sober man enough in a general way, but the temptation of a good dinner and unlimited liquor was too much for him. Besides, dear, we must consider the occasion. It is the immemorial privilege of every Weishman to get drunk, if on St. David's Day. Some of us waive it, but that's not to the purpose. We must move into the spare room for to-night, that's all. You had better give Mary orders accordingly; and at the same time it will be as well to restore my blackened character by showing her that I am not quite so far gone as she imagines."

Mrs. Jones rang the bell. "O Owen," she said, kissing him fondly, and still wavering between smiles and tears, "it is such a relief, I can't tell you. am so thankful it wasn't you." bit, I should say, and I can't wake him up Mary's face, when she opened the door,

was a picture.

"Lor, ma'am! Lor, Sir!" she said, looking from one to the other. 'It is all right, Mary," said her master. "You will be relieved to hear that the gentleman up stairs is another Mr. Jones. There has been a little mistake, that's all; in the spare room,"

Evan Jones woke on the morning follow ing the eventful dinner, but and feverish, with a tremendous headache, and an ago-

nizing feeling of thirst. "O my poor head!" be groaned. "Bei-sy, my gal," imagining bis wife was beside him, "for mercy's sake get out, and give me a drink of water, there's a good

There was no answer.

"I s'pose she's gone down stairs. O. lor. ny head!' and he tried to settle blinself to sleep again, but his parched throat was unbearable. "I must have a drink of water if I die for it;" and he unwillingly opened his eyes, and dragged himself into a sitting position. "Hallo!" be exclaimed, as his eyes fell on his unaccustomed surroundings. "Where the deuce have I got to, and how on earth did I come here? Why, it's like a fairy tale. I must be a nobleman in disgnise, or one of them foundling hospital chaps come into a fortune. Jones, you old fool, you're dreaming! I ain'i, though. Lor, what a bed! and lace curtains and marble tables; and what a lot o' looking-glasses! 'Pon my word, I should like never to get up any more. I must have a glass of water though. Ah! that's just heavenly. Now let me think a bit. How did I come here? Let's see, what was vesterday? Yes, it must have been vesterday that I went to the Welsh dinner, remember going, but I don't remember coming away; and, Judging from my head this morning, I'm afraid that I must have been uncommon screwed. And I haven't been home all night. My eyes, what'll Besey say? I shall never bear the last of

t to my dying day." At this moment our here's reflection were interrupted by a knock at the cham-

ber door. "Come in!" he shouted incantiously at least, no; don't come in-I mean, what S 11.7" The voice of Mary, the parlor-maid, re-

"Master's compliments, and he says breakfist is ready for you, Sir, whenever ou can come down stairs." "My respects to your master, and I'll be lown, directly, Miss," answered Jones.

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow," he se liloquized, "for 'pon my word, I didn't know whether I mightn't be given into custody for sleeping on other's people's beds under false pretences; or embezzling another gent's house, or something of that ort. How the deuce did I get here, that's what beats me!"

Still vainly striving to solve the enigma, Evan made a burried toilet, and finally with his bead still aching as if it would split, and looking a wreck of yesterday's greatness, be left the room and crept softly down stairs. The evidences of wealth and uxury on every side, so unlike his own humble belongings, quite awed him, and is largely the result of his own choice. It having found his way down he would arises chiefly outef the desire of each marnot venture into any of the sitting-rooms, out modestly took his seat on a chair in the nall, and waited for the development of cost of living without adding anything to e vents. Here he was found after a few mo

"Can't you?" said his best, smiling "We were both at the Welsh dinner last night, and one of us took a little too A light suddenly flashed across Evan's

"I remember now, Sir. I'm afraid I was very rude to you." "Well, you were a little plain-spoken, and I gave you my card, and told you if this family president acts only by and with pect you would have come quite so soon, though. The fact is, you were brought

here by the mistake of a cabman, who sup posed my card was your own." "I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon Sir," said poor Evan, completely crestfallen. "I can't think how I came so to disgrace myself; but to tell you the truth, Sir, I'd had to pinch a bit to buy my ticket, and all day yesterday I hadn't tasted bit or sun since breakfast, and when it came to dinner-time I was that faint and weak that the very first glass seemed to set my head swimming like. I'd let it go too search of employment, each sending his ong, Sir, that's what it was. I humbly ask your pardon, I'm sure, for the trouble I've caused, and I thank you kindly for giving me a night's shelter. I feel I don't deserve your kindness, Sir; but I'm grate

ful. I assure you." And with tears in his eyes Evan moved humbly to the hall-door to depart.

"No, no," suid Mr. Owen Jones; "you mustn't think of going without your break fast. We are all Welsh here; and if a brother Welshman does take a glass too much on St. David's Day, we know how to three parts, one for summer grain, one for make allowance for him. Come, step in here. We have had breakfast an bour ago; but Mrs. Jones is waiting to give you vours."

Looking very shamefaced and repentant,

Evan Jones followed his namesake into the breakfast parlor, where Mrs. Jones, who had heard his humble confession and apol ogy, gave him a kindly greeting, and be was soon seated before a snowy table-cloth and, as well as his headache would let him, enjoying a plenteous repast. During the meal his entertainers quietly drew him out, and were speedily behind the scenes as to his daily life and his hard struggles to keep the wolf from the door; and when he finally took his leave a well-filled basket was waiting for him in the ball to take home as a present to the children. Nor was this by any means the last which found its way to the same quarter, sent by the same friendly hands; and I am sorry to say that of all days, that held in the highest veneration by the little Joneses is "the day when papa got so dreadfully tipsy at the Welsh

I feel that there must be a moral to this story somewhere, but I can't quite ses where it lies. You can't call it exactly a temperance story, because, you observe, Evan Jones got a good night's lodging and made a couple of good friends by getting drunk-which is not poetical justice by any means. After much anxious consideration, the only safe moral I can see is, that a married lady should never order any gentleman, however tipsy, to be put are strict in doctrine yet lax in conduct, into her own bed without making quite sure, in the first place, that he is the gentleman who rightfully belongs to her .-London Society.

. We cannot warrant the purity of the author's Welsh,-[En.

-A St. Louis school boy gave his teach er this excellent definition of "responsi-bility;" "Boys has two buttons for their a'spenders so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, why there's a and your mistress and I are going to sleep good deal of responsibility on the other in the spare room." The Story of a Life.

A child in a nursery crying—
A boy in a cricket field "cut?"—
A youth for a fantasy sighing— A man with a fit of the goot-A heart dried up and narrowed—
A task repeated in vain—
A field ploughed deep and harrowed, But bare and barren of grain-

Some sense of experience wasted, Of counsel misunderstood, Of pleasure, bitter when tasted And rain that did him no good-Some sparks of sentiment perished— Some flashes of genius best— A torrent of false love cherished-A ripple of true love crossed— icme feeble breasting of trouble.

To glide again with the stream-In principle void as a bubble, In purpose vague as a dream-A future hope half-hearted, For dim is the future now That the triple cord has parted And death is damp on the licow; And a debt is to pay by the debtor— A declor, a lawyer, a nurse; A feeling he should have been better, A doubt if he could have been worse; While the ghostly finger traces Its ghostly message of doom, And a troop of ghostly faces Pass on in a darkened room;

And ghostly voices to call, And the grim recorder to reckon, And add the total of all— The sum of life expended-A pearl in a pig-trough cast... A comedy played and ended... And what has it come to at last? The dead man propped on a pillow— The journey taken alone— The tomb with an urn and a willow, And a lie carved deep in the stone,

The Russian Peasant.

The Russian peasant is not a bad fellow,

With ghostly shapes to beckon,

but he is not picturesque, chiefly because he is a trifle too well off to be sentimental himself or to be the subject of sentimentality in others. The law makes him at birth a member of the rural commune, or village community, and secures to him as long as he lives the means of earning a liv-

ing. He is his own master, or as much so as any man not a hermit can be; that is to say, he has as much weight as any of his fellows in the councils of the commune, and the commune is to him the source of all law. His land, in many parts of the empire, is apt to be sterile, but it belongs, as he does, to the commune, and cannot be taken away. His homestead is exempt from execution, and so are his borse and his farming implements, and his tools, if he taining number. is a mechanic. He must work hard all his life, and his taxes are heavy, but the obli-

gation to pay them rests upon the comas the commune requires him to pay. He eats black bread, and drinks bad liquor, but be has enough of both. His condition is not quite so good in some respects as it was when he was a serf, but the difference is largely the result of his own choice. It ried peasant to set up an establishment for himself, a practice which has increased the the working-power of the community,

earnings home to be placed with the com-

nion fund. If a married son secedes from

the family, and sets up one of his own, he

is entitled to take nothing away with him,

but must begin over again, working upon

is fully equipped, and, like his brethren,

he can eke out the scanty livelihood thus

earned, by working occasionally for hire,

under the steward of the neighboring great

land divided by communal authority into

winter grain, and one to lie fallow, and

even his days of beginning particular op-

erations are fixed for him, so that he has no

for independent farming. He has need of

three things namely, himself, his wife, and

his horse, and these he has. These three constitute the labor-unit, as Mr. Wallace

phrases it; that is to say, all the work is

done by precisely this combination of

forces, and, no matter how large a family

may be, its members work in groups of

two, one man and one woman, each group

using one horse.-From Appletons' Journ-

Unless a young woman means to be a

pigot, she should beware of requiring the

man whom she honors and loves to pro-

nounce her sectarian abibboleth. If he is

upright, amiable, liberal and efficient, she

may do much worse than to marry him.

In wedded life a good temper is more es

cerity is to be preferred to weak conformi-

ty. Men of high character are not so com-

count of religious differences. The mer

who before marriage are ready to profess

anything that may be demanded, often

prove great backsliders when the irrevoca

thinks that she has certainly secured a

prize in the matrimonial lottery because

her husband is an "evangelical" church-

member, is deplorably feeble-minded. In

most neighborhoods there are men who

conspicuous at the prayer meeting but ir

ritable and exacting in their homes. It

must be a very slight comfort to the man

who finds that he has married a shrew to

reflect that her name is on the list of an

Thousands of good people never half en-

oy even enjoyable homes, because they

are always looking abead, and never learn

the beauty and the value of to-day. They

and-by, but without the art to take it as it

comes. They learn too late that they pass-

go through life expecting enjoyment by-

"orthodox" church,-Christian Register.

ole step has been taken; and the girl who

mon as to be wisely rejected merely on ac-

ential than a sound creed, and noble ain-

al for April.

need of judgment as part of his equipment

estate. His farm-work is simple.

"I've seen you somewhere, I know, Sir," said Evan; "but I can't for the life of me tell where." of persons, and embraces commonly the representatives of two or three generations. There is one recognized head in each family, who may be either a man or a woman, and may or may not be the eldest member of the family. The qualification requisite for this domestic beadship is executive ability, and its possession secures authority by common consent; but in grave matters you wished to apologize you would know the consent of the family senate. He di-where to find me. I must say I didn't exwork, and buys supplies, but at every step advice is offered and beeded. The family usually includes the married sons and ginia, Nev., Enterprise, March 16. their wives, but not the married daughters. who belong to their husbands' families All the earnings are held in common, and this rule prevails even when some of the male members, whose labor is not needed at home, go away to St. Petersburg or elsewhere to work at handlerafts. There are some such workers in nearly every family, and in winter, when the farm-work is done other members go away in like manner in

> be not "word-perfect," the prompter follows bim about with a book without the slightest attempt at disguise; a stage carpenier, wanting a light for his pipe, does not besitate to crawl in front of the actors, and take one from the stage candles; men who are killed during the play are allowed to make their exits behind a piece of black cloth, boldly brought and held up by a boy; and no hitch or accident ever justifies the

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.-The present Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work, so widely known, on the "Study of Words," is not in very robust health, and has been for many years apprehensive of paralysis. At a recent dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his Grace sat on the right of his bostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the Archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim, in a dis-

"What has come, your Grace?" eagerly parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for twenty years," nolemnly answered the archbishop "a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation.'

somewhat quizzical smile-"pardon me for contradicting you, but it is I that you have been pinching."-Harper's for May. -The blackberry industry in Georgia,

North Carolina and other southern states is about to open, and the local papers are showing what a bonanza is in danger of running to waste. The little town of Salem, S. C., containing only about 2000 inbabitants, has shipped during three years over 3,000,000 pounds of dried blackberries, for which nearly half a million dollars was received. This was equal to over nine thousand bales of cotton at ten cents s pound, and a resource certainly not to be

ed Happiness on the road, without racognizing ber. Others are never satisfied with anything that happens to be theirs. Their friends' houses, possessions and privileges are much better than their own, and an article once obtained loses fifty per cent, of its value. Of the two habits, that of thinking your own children, home, pictures, books, horses, dogs and cata-everythingthe best, simply because they are yours, is better for your peace of mind and your neighbors' comfort, than the opposite habit of depreciating everything for the same reason. Your self-satisfied fellow may be something of a prig, but he is a much pleasanter man to have around than the self-dissatisfied one; and he bus, besides, a good deal better time. The art of life may not consist, as the pleasant cynicism declares, in being well deceived; but it does lie largely within the philosophy of making the best of things, and of seeking to do the common things of life, as well as the great things, in the best way.—Golden Rule.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. - The two most attractive articles in Lippincott's Magazine for April are "A Chapter from Real Life," describing the experiences and struggles of an English lady of refined breeding, who some years since crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship and lived for a time in squalld boarding houses in New York city; and an account of "Wye Island," by Mr. Robert Wilson, who always writes graphically of the social manners and customs of the South. "The Tartar and his Home," by Edward C. Bruce, is full of information in regard to the East, and is finety illustrated, as is also a second paper on the "Valleys of Pern." The fiction of the number includes an interesting installment of "The Marquis of Lossie," by George McDonald, a short and amusing story with the odd title of "K," and the conclusion of Auerbach's "Gawk from America." An editorial paper on "College Classics and Classic Colleges," deals in a somewhat trenchant way with the English and American system of higher education, as contrasted with that of Germany,-a subject which is now attracting the attention of most intelligent people. Other interesting papers are "A Peacemaker of 1782-83," and several shorter ones in the "Gossip," on various topics. The poetry is by Emma Lazarus, Edgar Fawcett, and Kate Hillard, and the critical notices of new books are vigorously written; the whole forming a very attractive and enter-

A FOUNTAIN ON A CHURCH STERPLE,-Last evening the eyes of hundreds of persons on the streets were directed toward the top of the spire of the new Catholic church, where was seen a fountain spouting numerous jets high in the air. A large iron pipe is carried up through the steeple to the large cross. The pipe then takes the form of the cross, behind which it is hidden, and from holes perforated at proper intervals the jets are sent up. From the top of the cross and from the end of each arm large streams ascend to the height of a bout twenty-five feet, and between these are thrown up a great number of smaller lets. The height of the top of the cross from the ground is one hundred and seventy feet, and last evening, the air being calm, the numerous jets spread out in the shape of a fan. The rays of the declining sun fell upon the jets and spray at just the proper angle to light up and bring out the whole in a beautiful roseate glow, which surrounded the top of the cross like a glory. This novel focutain was not constructed for mere ornament. It is intended for use in case of the breaking out of a large fire as a protection to the spire and roof of spire. The height to which the water is thrown above the cross shows the creat force of the waterworks of the city .- Vir-

JAPANESE AUDIENCES,-Free-and-easiness is the great characteristic of Japanese audiences. During the performance everyone smokes, eats, and drinks; criticisms are very audibly expressed, conversation and chaff are very general, people come in and go out as they like; if the weather be hot, superfluous raiment is laid aside without ceremony; coolies enter with their implements of trade, and reeking with the dust and sweat of the day, much in the same way that one may observe peasants slouching into continental cathedrals for a few minutes' prayer. On the stage the same nonchalance is apparent. If an actor

drawing across of the curtain. Applause takes the form of wild shrieks most frequently the name of the actor. Dissent and disapprobation are invariably expressed by loud and long-continued chaffing and booting .- All the Year Round.

mal and sepulchral tone, "It has come! It

"Pardon me, my dear archbishop," said the duchess, looking up at him with a